



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI, NO. 12.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1876.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Many there were who stopped for a moment at the Bedford prison door and bought lace from the imprisoned preacher, who was allowed to stand under the arch secured by a chain around his ankle and sell his wares to support his family, amongst whom was a little girl who had been blind from her birth; but was there one amongst them all, or in the world one, who, for a moment, imagined that the memory of this man would live for centuries, or that perhaps some absent-minded remark was occasioned by a passing glimpse of that vision which was to be a comfort to all Christians, to the heathen and infidel, as well as the Christian, pointing out the way to the life beyond its pleasures and comforts, its difficulties and dangers? The daughter only receives sympathy; and the "stable-robin" who continually answers those who offer to release him from prison if he promise not to preach the Gospel of Christ, with the words, "If you let me go to-day I will preach again to-morrow," is doubtless scoffed at by many, mocked by others, while perhaps some, most deeply interested, point out to him his family who are suffering cruelly from the need of that provision the head of the family should provide. But it was this misery that indeed occasioned the relaxation of his imprisonment, and he was allowed first to preach to the Baptist congregation of which he had been pastor, and afterwards, in 1872, after twelve years confinement, was released through the interposition of Dr. Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln. He immediately returned to his chosen work. With him from the prison he brought his "Pilgrim's Progress" in manuscript, and on showing it to his friends received but little encouragement to publish it, and many criticisms. But he decided to give it to the world, and in 1878 the first part was published, describing the "Pilgrim's Progress" from this world to that which is to come. At first it reached but few, by whom it was well received, and before the year closed a second edition was called for and issued. During his life so many as fifteen editions, it is thought, were issued, and now it is said to have been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. The second edition of this wonderful book was published in 1884, two years previous to which he published "The Holy War." During the latter part of his life he was able to preach without molestation. He died in London of fever, in 1883, his death having been hastened by exposure to the brain when returning from one of his many benevolent errands.

WHAT A PICTURE DID.

BY MISS, E. E. LEAVITT.

The heading of the *Reform*, an illustrated tract paper presented by Mr. E. Remington, of Illinois, N. Y., to the Women's National Temperance Union, and published monthly by them, is composed of three pictures. The first represents a drunken staggering home to his family. In his hand he holds a bottle; his wife, with her hands in her arms and her little boy clinging to her dress, is shrinking from him. Terror and fear are depicted upon the countenances of the three.

The second picture represents the same man,

standing at a table, a woman holding out a pen to him with one hand, and with the other a paper, upon which are seen the words, "Temperance Pledge."

In the third picture we see the same man, well clothed, walking erectly, with a cane in his hand, and leading a little boy up a flight of steps to a nice house, in the door of which stands the wife, with a beaming smile upon her face, and hardly able to hold, the babe,

viapers. Mine little boy, he says: 'Dat is pap mit de pottle! dat little boy what hides hind his mudder's dress is me, ven I'm skered at pappy, and de poby is Helwig, cause dat is shoot de way he hides hind mudder's ear when pappy's drunk.' Den dey say, 'Mudder, vot dat voman do mit de table?' I says, 'De temperance voman wants de man to sign de pledge, and say he drinks no more beer nor viskey; den his wife and children be no more

will look shoot like dis poby vot tries to jump out of his mudder's arm, he so glad to see his pappy?' Mine old man he gets so mad and he says, 'I ease no dumber, I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and mine children dey cry, dey be so scared. Mine old man, he slams de door, and he goes off. He comes home to supper, and he says de first ting, 'I hates de temperance, I hates de temperance,' and he no speaks to de children, and dey be so skered.

"After supper mine old man he makes dis children go to bed. And he puts his feet on teds stove, and he smokes, and he scolds, and hoes mad he no goes to de saloon, like he always to a all his life mit me.

"Ven it was ped time mine old man he lay down his pipe, and he says, 'old voman, I'm been good to you; I gets drunk no more; I goes no more to saloons, mine heart is sick mit vot mine children say. I love mine wife, I loves mine children ven I gets no drunk.' Den I puts mine apron to mine eyes, and I cries, and mine old man he cries. Den we stand py de children's bed, and mine old man he kises me, and he kises de children and he says, 'Mine heart is so sick all de dearyes, ved de children to me.'

"I tells you I loves dat little paper, mine heart is so glad dat you gives it to me."

"I folds it up about a nice, and I puts it mit a handkerchief around it, and I keeps it in my under-dress in mine bureau; mit mine children's stings what died."

[The author says: "This is a true story, not overdone. I distributed the papers left from our National Convention. This is one result. The man to-day is a sober man, is getting furniture and comfort for his family." The gentleman mentioned above received this fact from Mrs. Leavitt on Saturday heard it and was overheard to say, with moistened eyes: "That is the kind of dividend I want, that is worth a thousand dollars." Would God that more of our men of wealth would seek such investments and be satisfied with such increase.—Ed.]—N. Y. *Times*.

A DETRIMENT.—A young man who thinks about how he loses a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and makes a good and steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks that people are all fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that when he repents everybody will forget that he was once a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Repent is not a thing to break up in middle age bad habits which have been formed in youth. When a house contracts the habit of balking he generally refers it to the boys who will often perform well enough until the wheel gets into a deep hole, and then he stops and looks back. Just so it is with boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is never to contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink.

—The St. Louis *Presbyterian* says that of the 158,000 children of school age in that city only 15,000 are in Protestant Sunday schools.



JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER SELLING LACES AT BEDFORD PRISON DOOR.

who is overjoyed at seeing the father.

A bundle of these papers was sent to one of the ladies of Cincinnati, who distributed them in the market, at the hospital and at the jail. Two months afterward she was stopped on the street by a German woman, who told her the following story: "You shoot stop minute vile I tells you vot is in mine heart. You comes von day to mine stall in de market, you gives mine old man a paper, and you gives me a paper."

"Ven I goes to mine home, mine children dey cries for dere dinner. I says, 'You shoot keep still, and I will give you von paper vot a voman gives me in de market.' So dey spread de paper out upon de floor, and dey kicks up dere heels, and dey looks hard at de pictures. Vile I gets mine dinner, dey viapers and dey

fears of him."

"Dey looks hard at de picture, den dey viapers and dey say: 'Mudder, vil pappy look nice like de mudder picture, would he sign the pledge?'"

"And I says, 'Yes, children, your fadder would look shoot like dat if he go no more to saloons.'

"Mine old man, den he comes in to his dinner. He loves his children ven he be sober. Mine children dey see he no drunk, so dey runs to him mit de paper, and dey say: 'pappy, dat is you mit de pottle, and dat voman is mudder, and de poby what hides hind his mudder's ears is Helwig. Pappy, won't you go to de temperance voman's mit de table, and sign de pledge, den you will look shoot like dat voman mit de cane, and Helwig he

youth. When a house contracts the habit of balking he generally refers it to the boys who will often perform well enough until the wheel gets into a deep hole, and then he stops and looks back. Just so it is with boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is never to contract it. The only way to prevent drunkenness is never to drink.

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Temperance Department.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You think I love it? If this nerveless hand
Could gain immortal strength, this very hour
I'd sweep the hellish potion from the land,
And rush its blighting, maddening, night-
mare power.
Yes, now, with all my latest dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags men down to
death.

I love it I loathe it! Yet I drink and drink,
And hate my bondage with a loathly hate,
And hate myself as through the town I slink.
'The pledge? No! Too late! too late!
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of
breath.
Too late! There's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink but not to drink
Both such a train of ghastly horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think.
Ah, keep away, ye fiends for pity's sake!
The very thought of them afflicts my brain.
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum I'd love to hold my head up high
And breathe God's air a free and fearless
man;
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and
sky.

With steady nerve to do and head to plan.
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,
In manly fashion brave and strong. Love
rum!

If only I could come into some land
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned
That clutch the soul of him who would be
free.

But marshal up those grisly hap-
piness of woe,
To fall again, as twice before—No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be,
In those old college days so wild and gay,
When first I drank in youthful revelry!
How easy then to put the cup away!
A mother's hope and joy I was till then
Now see me trembling—ha! Those eyes again!

Black, fiery eyes, to hell, where ye belong!
I'll drink ye down, what? Flood? Drink
blood?

Help, help! they come, a hideous, devilish
throng
Back, get back! They'll toss me in the
flood!

Long, crooked hands are lawing in my hair!
Is this the end? Ha, ha! Too late for prayer.
—Selected

TRY AGAIN.

"Oh try again father try again!" What
a sad, pleading voice uttered these words!
What a pale little face was turned towards
Peter Parsons, as he sat resting his head on
the table.

"It is no use trying to give it up; I have
tried, and I can't do it," was the father's dog-
ged, despairing reply. "I know drink will be
my ruin, but though it were poison, I must have
it. Mr. Barker, my employer, gave me warn-
ing yesterday. He said he couldn't stand my
habits longer. He was sorry to give me up,
but he could have none but steady men to serve
him. That's the third place I've lost in the
same way. I know the road I'm treading; I
know what lies at the end of it. I'm going to
rush with my eyes wide open, but I can't
help it—I must have drink!" And Peter Par-
sons let his head sink on his arm, and looked
the picture of an utterly wretched man.

No wonder that he shrank from looking
around him at what had once been a comfort-
able home! Where was the clock that had
ticked so cheerily, given as a wedding present to
his wife? Where was the neat mahogany press,
which he had bought with the savings of months
of toil, and in which he had taken such pride?
Where was the valued old Family Bible, which
his father and grandfather had used before
him? All at the pawn-broker's, pledged for
the sake of drink!

And if it pained the wretched drunkard to
look at bare walls and a fireless grate, yet more
it pained him to see the effects of his sin in his
sweet little Esther—her clothes patched and
threadbare, her face pale and careworn, her
eyes, that but for him would have been bright
with the sunshine of childhood, tearful and sad.

"I have tried," Peter muttered to himself,
without raising his drooping head. "The
totalitarians spoke to me, and urged me. They
made it as clear as day that half the misery
in the city is caused by drink. That with every

penny which I throw down at the bar of the
public I am paying my fare to the workhouse,
or buying the nails for my coffin! They got
me to take the pledge, and I thought that the
danger was over. I had given my word, and I
would keep it. And for weeks all went on
straight enough, money came in, comfort came
back, and my poor wife looked happy again.
But then I fell into sore temptation, and it
seemed as if I had no more strength than a
babe in the claws of a lion. I awoke one
morning, one wretched morning, to find my
pledge broken, my character disgraced, and
the habit of hard drinking fifty times stronger
on me than ever."

"And I tried again," thus the miserable
man continued muttering to himself, "arcely
conscious of the presence of the poor little girl
at his side. 'Twas when my Sarah lay a-
dying, and I couldn't bear to drink away the
comfort she needed so much. Two days I in-
stained, but on the third—" memory was like
a barbed arrow in the heart of the wretched
widower. His words were choked in his throat,
and instead of finishing his sentence, he utter-
ed a heavy groan.

For several minutes Esther did not venture
to speak, tears were fast flowing down her
pale cheeks. She, like her unhappy parent,
was tempted to give way to despair, but
though her prayers had as yet seemed unan-
swered, Faith whispered to her, "Try again."

"Child!" said Peter, suddenly raising his
head, and fixing his eyes on his daughter,
"when a man has once got into the habit of
drinking, there's nothing can keep him from
it. It's like a fever—like madness! Interest
can't do it, resolves can't do it, even care for
a family can't do it; for no one ever loved a
wife or a child better than I did!"

"Can't God's grace do it?" faltered Esther,
almost afraid to speak out the words.

"Don't talk to me of such matters!" cried
Peter, starting from his seat and pacing up
and down the room like one restless from pain.
"I used to think about God once, but I dare
not think of Him now; it's like going to judg-
ment before the time, to think of the anger of
God!"

"But may we not think of the love of God?"
murmured Esther, with trembling earnestness
in her tone. "Oh, father! dear, dear father!
let me say one verse—only one little verse
that the teacher gave me yesterday to learn.
'I can do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me.'"

"Go to your school, child; go to your
school!" cried Peter, half in anger and half
in sorrow. "Such words may do well enough
for such as you. I'm too old to be learning
them now!" and seeing that his little girl
paused, he motioned impatiently for her to
leave him.

Esther dared speak no more to her father.
As she slipped on her rusty black bonnet and
shabby cloak, preparing to go to school, her
whole heart was full of prayer. "O God, for
the sake of Thy Blessed Son, help my poor
father! Save my poor father!" And before
she quitted the house, with a trembling hand
she placed her little Testament on the table.

Esther had often done so before, in the hope
that her father might read it, as he once used
to read the great Bible. Esther had always
found her Testament lying exactly where she
had put it, unopened and untouched, but in a
spirit of faith and hope she determined to
"try again."

This time Peter Parsons took up the book;
he could scarcely have said why he did so.
Perhaps it was because he found any kind of
employment more tolerable than thinking;
perhaps he was scarcely conscious of what he
was doing as he carefully turned over the
leaves.

His glance fell on a verse which seemed to
him almost like a message sent to him direct
from God: "There hath no temptation taken
you but such as is common to man; but God
is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempt-
ed above that ye are able; but with the tempta-
tion also make a way to escape, that ye
may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x. 13.)

"I'll hold by this promise!" exclaimed
Parsons, grasping the little book as he spoke.
"I've tried to go right, but I've failed, I've
wished to give up sin, but the habit has been
too strong for me. Now I'll cast myself on the
mercy and strength of my Lord, and hoping
for the help of His grace, I'll try again—I'll
try yet again!"

As Parsons' pale little girl walked along the
gloomy streets, another little girl, in a comfort-
able home, was pleading the cause of poor
Peter. Mr. Barker, his late employer, sat in a
large red-leather arm-chair, with his feet on
the fender, before a blazing fire, with Clara,
his youngest daughter, seated on his knee.

"Oh, papa, I wish you would try him again,
only once!" said the gentle little lady, hold-
ing her father's hand fast imprisoned between
both of hers.

"And why should I try him again?" said
Mr. Barker, glanced at the earnest tone of the
little pleader.

"Oh, because of his poor little girl—the best
girl in the school, mamma says. She looks so

pale, and thin, and sad, and I've heard that,
when her mother was dying, Esther watched
and nursed her so fondly. It is not her fault
that her father drinks. It is enough to break
her heart!"

"We will look after her," said Mr. Barker.
"The man may ruin himself, but he shall not
ruin his child. I should think that she is al-
most old enough to go out to service. Perhaps
mamma may be able to find her a nice easy
place."

"But she would not be happy, papa. How
could she be happy in any place, when she
knew that her own father was going down—
down—down to ruin? Oh, try him again,
papa—just give him one other chance! If he
knows that it is his very last, perhaps he may
turn and repent."

Clara pleaded, urged, and entreated, and at
last won her parent's consent to overlook for
this once the offence of Parsons. Mr. Barker
was a kind-hearted master, and he was him-
self unwilling by severity to drive an unhappy
man to despair. Though shaking his head
doubtfully, and expressing his belief that no
good would result from the trial, he agreed to
send word to Parsons to call at his office on the
following morning.

When the long bright summer days had re-
turned, again the old clock ticked cheerily in
its place behind the door, and once more upon
the table lay the old Family Bible. Peter
Parsons sat with his child, as he had done on
the morning on which my story opened; but
how changed was their appearance from what
it then had been! Parsons no longer hung
down his head, as if he were ashamed to look
his fellowmen in the face. His eye was clear
and steady, his dress decent and clean; and
instead of bitter tears, there were roses on
Esther's cheek!

"Oh, father, are we not happy?" she ex-
claimed, as the bright glow of the setting sun
bathed the room in light.

"If I am happy here," said Parsons, look-
ing with earnest thought into the golden
clouds above, "or if I have a hope of being
happy in the better world, I think, my Esther,
that under God I owe it all to you. I was
going fast on the down-hill road; I was giv-
ing up all effort to stop, when your prayers,
and your words, and your tears, and the bless-
ed Book which you put in my way, made me
see that there was hope even for me. They led
me to 'try again' to get back to the safe path—
to be a good father to you, my child, and a
faithful servant to my God!"—*Reverend School
teacher.*

I MADE HIM WHAT HE WAS.

A few weeks ago a saloon-keeper in Dover,
Delaware, who patronized his own bar very
liberally, stepped into a back room, where men
were at work about a pump in a well. The
covering had been removed, and he ap-
proached to look down, but, being very drunk,
he pitched in head foremost. He had become
so much of a blot by the use of strong drink
that it was impossible to extricate him in time
to save his life.

There was great excitement in the town.
Men and women who had never been inside
of his saloon before were the first to rush to
the rescue, and to offer sympathy to the be-
raved family. As he was being dragged
from the well and stretched out dead upon
the saloon floor, a wholesale liquor-dealer
from Philadelphia stepped in. After the first
shock at thus finding one of his good custom-
ers dead, he turned to a prominent lady, a
crusader, and said, pointing to the wrecked
victim, "I made that man what he was. I
lent him his first dollar, and set him up with
his first stock of liquor, and he's now worth
\$10,000 or \$15,000."

Looking him full in the face, she responded:
"You made that man what he was—a
drunkard, a blot, a stench in the nostrils of
society, and sent him headlong into eternity,
and to a drunkard's hell! What is \$15,000
weighed against a lost soul; a wasted life, a
wife a widow, and children orphans?"

He turned deadly pale, and without a word
left the house.

And so we ask, "What is all the business
and all the reverence to the millions whose
homes are despoiled whose children are beg-
gared, and whose loved ones are sent headlong
to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell?
Put yourself in the place of that mother
whose son is pursued day and night by this
demon, till the hairs of his head become ser-
pents, and live coal burn into his flesh to the
very bone, and fighting devils, he leaps out
into eternity, and then ask, 'Are my hands
clean? Do I love my neighbor as myself?'
Am I doing all I can to stay the tide that is
bearing so many down and may yet bear me
down?"—*Christian Women.*

MODERATE DRINKING.—Sir Henry Thomp-
son, eminent both in medicine and general
science, says in a letter to the *Drum of Canter-*
bury, published in the *London Times*: "I have
long had the conviction that there is no great
cause for evil, moral and physical, in this

country, than the use of alcoholic beverages.
I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence
which produces drunkenness. The habitual
use of fermented liquors to an extent far short
of what is necessary to produce that condition,
and such as is quite common in all ranks of
society, injures the body and diminishes the
mental power to an extent which I think few
people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the
result of observation during more than twenty
years of professional life devoted to hospital
practice, and to private practice in every rank
above it. Thus I have no hesitation in attribut-
ing a very large proportion of some of the
most painful and dangerous maladies which
come under my notice, as well as those which
every medical man has to treat, to the ordin-
ary and daily use of fermented drink taken in
the quantity which is conventionally deem-
ed moderate. Whatever may be said in regard
to its evil influence on the mental and moral
faculties, as to the fact above stated I feel that
I have a right to speak with authority, and
I do so solely because it appears to me a duty,
especially at this moment, not to be silent on
a matter of such extreme importance. I know
full well how unpalatable is such a truth, and
how such a declaration brings me into painful
conflict, I had almost said with the national
sentiments and the time-honored usages of
our race. My main object is to express my
opinion as a professional man in relation to
the habitual employment of fermented liquor,
as a beverage. But if I ventured one step fur-
ther, it would be to express a belief that there
is no single habit in this country which so
much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the
race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance
in that competition which in the nature of
things must exist, and in which struggle the
prize of superiority must fall to the best and
to the strongest.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES.—It's
Coer.—"What do the 49,000 deaths annually
caused by alcohol cost the nation? The average
cost of burial cannot be less than \$10 per
capita, giving the sum of \$490,000. These
49,000 persons should have had, according to
a table of working years (calculated from life-
tables by Dr. Edward Jarvis, and published in
the fifth annual report of the Massachusetts
State Board of Health), 37.16 years of effective
life. From the best data obtainable we have
been led to conclude that alcohol shortens the
lives of those who use it, habitually or
excessively, twenty-eight per cent. As this
percentage pertains to the whole life, includ-
ing both the development and the effective
periods, it follows that these 49,000 persons
have each lost to the nation twenty-eight
per cent. of 37.16 years of effective life, giving
a total of 784,000 years. These figures are
much below the actual loss according to the
expectancies of intemperate persons given
above; for, according to those expectancies,
the average loss of effective life is twenty-three
years, within a small fraction. On this basis
the annual loss of the nation of effective life
from alcohol is 1,127,000 years. If each
effective year of life is valued at \$150, the
nation loses on the first calculation \$171,000-
000, and on the second \$169,050,000. Eng-
lish actuaries, from careful observation and
calculations, estimate that for every death there
are two persons constantly sick. We may
therefore calculate that for these 49,000 deaths
from alcohol there are 98,000 constantly sick
from the same cause. Thus, in a single year,
98,000 years of effective life are lost to the
State, which, valued at \$150 per year, gives
a loss of \$14,700,000. The cost of this sickness,
at the very lowest estimate, cannot be less than
\$150 per year, or a total of \$14,700,000"
From Paper read before Am. Health Association

IS DRUNKENNESS CURABLE?—Over one-half
the of all confirmed drunkards who take refuge
in the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, are
permanently cured of their morbid appetite.
The official statistics on the subject which
have been published, cover seven years, and
a very large number of cases. This is en-
couraging news for the slaves of drunkenness.
Many of these slaves are utterly destitute of
hope, and look on themselves as doomed.
They feel that their desires are unquenchable,
that their power of resistance is wholly gone,
and that forcible restraint would destroy their
reason. But yet it appears that even though
their drunken habit has become chronic, and
has gone to its farthest limits, they have an
even chance of getting over it, and re-entering
the paths of sobriety. There is not a drunk-
ard who needs to feel himself lost, if he has
a desire to be saved.—*Bourneville Observer.*

—A "Woman's Crusade," against intemper-
ance, is in operation in Calcutta, India. Ladies
visit the grog-shops and drinking saloons, and
sing and pray there after the manner of their
American sisters. In connection with the
work there is a "House of Rest" after the
style of a "British Workman" public house.
A correspondent of the *Lucknow Witness* gives
many interesting instances of the success of
the work. A Temperance League has been
formed at Bombay, on the total abstinence
basis.—*Christian Guardian.*



Agricultural Department.

SALT AND WATER FOR COWS.

Dairy cows, like anybody else, should have all the salt they need, and particularly do they need plenty of salt when first turned upon grass in the spring, at which time the grass has less of mineral elements in it than at any other time of the year. The cow being fresh in milk, the supply of fluid is strongly drawn upon, and this supply must be kept up or the cow will fall off in her supply of milk. Thus the salt needs to be watered, and the water needs to be salted.

But this use of salt by domestic animals is very much a matter of habit. When I was a farmer boy in the Yankee State of Vermont, over fifty years ago, though the people were constitutionally observant of the Sabbath, it was not considered to be a very flagrant violation of the Fourth Commandment for the farmer to take his salt box under his arm and proceed with reverent steps to the tune of Moer or Dundee, of a Sabbath afternoon, or before meeting time if he got up early enough, to the back pastures, and give the cattle a general salting; and as this operation was performed only once a week, it was easier to remember to do it on Sunday than any other day; and besides, the farmer being in a quiet frame of mind and very much at leisure, could take advantage of the occasion to look over the cattle and see how they were all getting on, without, of course, any great worldly reference as to what the steers would fetch in the fall, or which of the heifers would be most likely to make the best cows.

This way of salting cows might have been well enough in its day, for that was long enough before cheese factories were thought of, and before the selling of whole dairies of milk at ten or fifteen cents per gallon had stimulated the production of forty to fifty pounds per cow per day. There is an objection to the salting of cattle at long intervals and in the mass; the master animals will lick up too much, and the underlings of the herd will not get enough. A better way is to provide stationary boxes, or troughs, in which salt is kept all the while, out of the reach of washing by rain, and to which the cattle can have access at all times. In this way they will soon learn to regulate the lick to their own tastes, and be free from the bustle and jostling which accompany the salting of a herd in mass.

Speaking of water, would you think that such a rich fluid as milk is made up of eighty-five per cent. of water? This shows two things—that cows need a plentiful supply of water, and that the water should be pure. A cow which gives a large mass of milk requires more than one which gives but little, and the thirst for drink is one of the indications of a deep milker. It is true that cattle may be educated to do without much water and still live, just as some of our hygienic reformers can live on bran bread, and such thin stuff; but since air, light and water are the free gifts of the Creator, it seems a pity that every living thing should not have all they need of them. When we set out to fatten pigs or cattle, we tempt them to eat all they can; just so, if you want a large flow of milk, you may tempt the cow to drink her fill, and for a man who sells his milk to a factory, it is a good deal better that he should put the water in the milk before it comes from the cow than that he should put it in the can while on his way to the factory. The law has something to say on this latter practice, which makes it unhealthy for the transgressor, while on the former lactometer and the cream gauge can hardly detect a fault, and, if they did, the cow is not morally or legally responsible for watering her own milk in the moral process of making it. I would not advise that the dairy-man should stuff his cows with water as he would stuff a fattening turkey for his Christmas roast, but let them have all they need, and when they need it, and if the feed is good and the cows are good, there will be the best possible yield of milk.

Of course there is a little danger that the cows which run in the pastures will not get enough of water at this season of the year, but I mention the matter more to suggest the importance of providing for a plentiful supply when the hot season comes on and the streams become dry, as they usually do where they are not fed by living springs. There are many districts of country where the grasses are well suited to dairy purposes, but where there is a lack of water which is equally good, and dairy-men are obliged to have recourse to pools which become foul in the dry season, or fall entirely. Foul water is a bad thing to go into milk, which in its best state is so largely composed of this element, and the cow has no internal apparatus for making pure milk out of

foul water. A healthy cow in full flow of milk can make way with from twenty to thirty quarts of water in the course of twenty-four hours. If the water is bad it will show itself more in the night's mess than in the morning, as cows do not drink during the night, and the milk is such a sensitive thing that foul water and taints of all sorts show themselves in a short time.

Upon dairy farms where there is not a supply of pure water from living springs, running brooks, &c., it is a matter of prime importance to provide good wells from which to pump or draw water several times a day, from which to water the cows. It would be quite a task to draw or pump water several times a day for a herd of cows; but it would be better to do that than to send bad milk to the factory, or to use it up at home, and then to send stinking cheese to the market, or be obliged to feed it to the pigs.

The late Horace Greeley, during some of the last years of his life, delivered several lectures or agricultural addresses in his chosen missionary field of the West, on windmills as cheap and available motors for farm purposes, but his hearers mostly made light of his teachings; and the railroad men, who once used many of these mills for pumping water at the stations, have substituted the surer and more controllable power of steam. Well, some dairy farmers might do even worse than to use windmills for pumping stock water from wells; but the average American dairyman would as soon heed the advice to raise his calves for dairy cows as to set up a windmill for watering his cattle, so I shall only hint at a possibility and drop the subject. But, by some means or other, I would have good water for cows, or I would not go into the dairy business.—S. D. Harris, in *Country Gentleman*.

MORE MANURE.

Joseph Harris says in "Walks and Talks," in the *American Agriculturist*:

We must make more manure. Manure is the farmer's capital. Capital is accumulated earnings. If I work for \$1,000 a year and spend \$1,000, I am no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. But if I can by laboring a little harder, earn \$1,200 a year, and by practicing a little economy, live on \$800, I can lay up \$400. This \$400 is capital, and begins to earn money for itself. Capital is accumulated earnings. It is what is left of our profits or earnings after deducting the expenses of living. Manure is accumulated plant food. It is what is left after raising and disposing of a crop. If your land as now worked, is capable of paying you twenty bushels of corn and a ton of stalks per acre, and you sell the whole, your land is no richer in available plant food. You are making no manure. You spend all your wages. But if by extra cultivation, by setting free more plant food from the soil, you can make your land pay you forty bushels of corn and two tons of stalks, instead of selling it you feed it out to your cows, or sheep and pigs, and are careful to save all the manure, then your two tons of stalks and forty bushels of corn, less about ten per cent., removed by the animals, becomes capital, and begins to earn money for itself.

It is worth while making a great effort to get a little capital in the form of manure, and not always be dependent on the yearly wages which the soil alone can pay us. How this can be done, depends on circumstances. I think it will sometimes pay to gather leaves for bedding. I am sure it will pay to scrape up the barnyards and not let the droppings of our animals lie exposed over a large surface for the rains to leach out all the soluble matter. On my farm I gather all the potato tops, and use them for bedding the store hogs. If not required for this purpose, I should put them in a heap and mix them with manure.

POTATOES—LEVEL CULTURE.

From a recent article in the *Utica Herald*, on potato culture, we glean the following:

"There are many objections to the present method of culture, though it can not be denied that it has yielded abundant harvest. The best known method of ridge or hill culture is as follows: Select a strong, loamy soil, which has been in cultivation at least one year; fertilize thoroughly, if in the hill; mingle the manure with the soil; mark in rows 3 feet apart; drop the seed in drills 18 inches apart; hoe twice, the second time forming a continuous ridge. This method will yield, in favorable years, at least 250 bushels per acre. This—and planting in hills three feet apart each way—are the methods practiced by nine-tenths of our farmers. But there seem to be objections to them. All rain and moisture must necessarily soak quickly through the ridge, furnishing but temporary nourishment. The heat of the drouth soon dries it out of the ridge, and renders its soil lifeless. We have observed that the ridges yield more potatoes when they are shaded somewhat by weeds, and while a weedy potato patch betokens a slovenly farmer, there are many reasons for belief that weeds

protect the potato ridge in seasons of drouth. The potatoes are also liable to exude from the hill and to be exposed to the sun, an exposure which ruins them.

"The natural location of any plant for growth is below the level of the ground, and this is especially true of the tuber. A potato hill built above the level of the ground is not the natural receptacle for the seed. Nevertheless, copious and profitable crops have thus been produced. The chief question is, can they not be increased? There have been no extended experiments in level culture. The chief objection urged against it is the difficulty of digging. The seed must be planted at the depth of at least six inches, and it is not possible to dig the crop with the ordinary 'hook' so conveniently as when it grows in hills. But there is no reason why the deep-laying tubers should not be plowed out or otherwise brought to the surface by machinery. We believe this subject deserves a portion of the attention of potato-growers. It is novel to many of them; and a corner of the field devoted to a test might yield results which would be valuable."

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

1. Never allow your mowing lands to get bound out. When they begin to fail, plough them early in August, and sow them down to grass seed and roll, and double the amount of hay will be obtained the next year without the loss of a crop.

2. Never allow the grass to stand till ripe. Mow early when the saccharine juices are in full flow, and with the tedders make the hay by keeping it flying in the air till sufficiently cured to be got in the same day.

3. Never allow the caterpillars to disfigure or destroy your orchards. Watch these little tent makers from their beginning, and with the spiral brush tied at the end of a long pole, wind them off clean, and no more will come the present season to annoy you. If wages are an object, let not this simple branch of the farm be neglected at whatever cost. Nothing looks more hideous and slovenly by the wayside than the old family orchard thickly decorated with the remains of last year's caterpillar's fest.

4. The canker worm is the greater pest of the two. The slug (female) is now walking up the apple trees and depositing her eggs promiscuously over the trees. They form no nest, and hence it is hard to conquer them. Heavy tarred paper, kept fresh with tar, around the body of the tree is the best remedy against their clamoring propensities, though often they bridge over the tar by making a track of dead bodies and perpetuate their work for years. The vicinity of Boston has been for many years the battle ground for the canker worm, but they are now getting largely into Essex and other counties.—N. Y. Farmer.

THE BEST FARMER.—Farming is the changing of material (manure) into grass and grain, and thence into pork, beef, wool, etc. When the land is purchased, it is this raw material (fertility) that is paid for; that alone is the value. The rest is mere sand, or clay, or rock. The object of the farmer, then, should be to secure his material as cheap as he can, and use as much as he can, always keeping his machine, the farm, in good working order, mellow, well drained and clean. Instead of this, we are too apt to abuse the machine. The object of the farmer, then, must always be manure, fertility—how he can get this raw material the cheapest, and work it best into grain, grass, etc., and thus into other products, such as are of the most advantage to him. The best farmer is he who raises the best and largest crops on the smallest surface of land and at the least expense, and at the same time annually improve the soil; who understands his business and attends to it; whose manure heap is very large and always increasing; whose corn crib and smoke house are at home; who is surrounded by all the necessities and comforts of life; who studies his profession, and strives to reach perfection in it; who keeps a strict account of his outgoes as well as his incomes; and who knows how he stands at the end of each season—such a farmer, in nine times out of ten, will succeed, and not only make farming a pleasant, but profitable occupation.—Farmer's Indicator.

BLACK TOOTH IN SWINE.—The *American Swine Journal* says: "Black tooth, so called, in swine, is sometimes caused by mechanical injury to teeth, received by chewing the dry and hard kernels of corn. The ailment consists in a state of decay of the tooth (caries). Such decayed teeth may be removed by the same instrument as a dentist would apply to one's own tooth under similar circumstances. The symptoms of toothache in swine are similar to those exhibited by mankind, viz: loss of appetite, salivation or slobbering, hanging the head, mostly to the side which is affected, peevishness, loss of all fear of man, and hot, repulsive breath. When hogs are fed on strongly acidulated food for any length of time, their teeth may become discolored; but it is a queer-

tion whether the teeth at the same time are materially injured. So long as no decay or diminution of their substance can be noticed, and while the appetite and chewing faculties of the animal do not appear diminished, no interference will be necessary."

CALLA LILIES.—Mrs. Rollin Smith, of Swanton, Vt., writes to the *Burlington Free Press* as follows: "Since the notice in the *Free Press* recently of my possessing a continual blooming calla, I have received several letters from different parts of the State asking me for the treatment which produces such favorable results. I use a four-gallon jar, and give an eastern exposure. In the summer I keep it wet enough for the water to stand on the top, and at all times very wet. Once a year I take the plant, shake the earth from the roots, and fill the jar with earth taken from under old sod. As soon as a blossom commences to wither I cut it down, never allowing a flower to die on the plant. The result is in sixteen months I have had eighteen blossoms on the same plant, and at the present time it has two very large blossoms."

THE PECAN.—A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* recommends the planting of the pecan tree for timber on the Illinois prairies. He says for fuel it has no superior, while for purposes of manufacture, the carriage makers find it superior to white ash, having equal durability and greater strength and elasticity. It commences bearing at eight years old and produces one of the finest nuts, which for the past six years has brought in the Cincinnati market an average price of five dollars per bushel.

DOMESTIC.

SUGAR-PASTE CREAM-CAKES.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, and one egg well beaten. Add the sugar to the egg; then work the flour into them with a little cold water. Roll out rather thin, and line small tart-tins with it, or cut with cake-cutter, and put a strip of pastry on the outside, close to the edge; then fill in with mock cream; sprinkle powdered sugar over, and return to the oven a few minutes to brown the top.

TO MAKE THE MOCK CREAM.—Boil one pint milk; wet a table-spoonful of cornstarch or maizena in a very little cold milk; add one well beaten egg, one table-spoonful of white sugar, one-fourth of a tea-spoonful of salt. Flavor with lemon, rose-water, vanilla, or nutmeg. When the milk is just ready to boil, stir in these ingredients. Let it boil up two minutes, stirring all the time. Let it get quite cold before filling the puffs.

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—One division of a cake of chocolate dissolved or melted in a little water. To this put one pint of new milk and the yolks of three eggs. Put the chocolate into the milk and boil a few minutes. Sweeten with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and then pour it boiling hot to the eggs, which have been previously beaten till light. Return all to the kettle, and stir rapidly until it thickens, or is upon the point of boiling, when it must instantly be poured off and set aside to grow cold.

VINEGAR FOR GREEN OR YELLOW PICKLE.—One pound each of ginger, celery seed, horseradish, and mustard seed; one ounce each of mace, nutmeg, and the long red peppers used in pickling. Put these spices into a stone jar or pot, free of anything that will impart grease or unpleasant odor to the vinegar; pour over them two gallons of a strong vinegar; stir frequently, and allow them to remain a year before using. After pouring off the vinegar for pickles, add more spices, and fill again for future use. Keep well covered. This will be found a very superior pickle, and well repays the time and expense of preparation. It will keep any length of time.

HOTCH-POTCH.—Take two pounds of the bottom part of the breast of beef. Cut it into pieces about two inches square, and put them into a stewpan, with a few scraps of fat beef or veal, and five pints of water. Let these boil up, then add two large carrots, sliced, two onions, two sticks of celery, two turnips, and some pieces of cauliflower. Cover the saucepan closely, and simmer gently for three hours. Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan. Mix a table-spoonful of flour smoothly with it. Let it brown, dilute it with a little of the broth, season with ketchup, and add it to the rest of the stew. Let the broth boil up once more, and add pepper and salt to taste. Serve in a large dish. Put the meat in the middle, the vegetables round, the gravy over all, and send to table as hot as possible. Hotch-potch may be made with beef, mutton, lamb, fowl, or pickled pork, and with vegetables varying according to the season. A mixture of two kinds of meat is very good, and some cooks mince the meat instead of serving it in outlets. In the West Indies it is very commonly used by the natives, but is made so hot with pepper, that it is known by the name of "pepper pot." Sufficient for six or seven persons.—From "Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery," for April.

TEMPT NOT; OR HARRY RUTHVEN'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Indeed, papa," said Harry Ruthven, "if I had thought you would have been so much annoyed about it, I should not have given Joe the money, but I could not bear to hear those men calling you mean and stingy. Joe Warden said that no gentleman—certainly not the old Laird—would have allowed a faithful old servant to go away without giving him something with which to treat his companions before leaving them."

"But, Harry, you surely cannot have forgotten that whatever my uncle may have tolerated here, I do not allow the use of intoxicating drinks in my house, and that I have dismissed Joe chiefly because he has repeatedly disobeyed me in this respect."

"Yes, papa," answered Harry, still anxious to excuse himself, "but that was different you know, and you need not have cared how Joe spent the money when he was no longer your servant. At any rate, I did not like to hear them speaking so about you, so I gave Joe the guinea grand-mamma sent me last week; and indeed, papa, I did not think I was doing wrong, and they all said I was so generous," said poor, simple Harry, trying to avoid Mr. Ruthven's sad, stern eye.

"So you sacrificed grand-mamma's gift to the honor of the Ruthven family! Well, I only hope you may never live to regret your rash act of mistaken generosity, my son, or sorrow as I have sorrowed for a similar mistake. So the good folks of Denley thought I was mean, did they? I tell you, Harry, I should have no words strong enough to express my contempt for the meanness of a man in my position, and holding my views, who would give his money for any such purpose."

"I don't understand, papa, how it would be mean."

"Why, Harry, if I consider drunkenness a most loathsome thing, and would feel thoroughly ashamed to be seen in a state of intoxication myself, would it not be unspeakably mean in me to help to make others what I scorn to be myself?"

"Yes, I see, papa, but I never heard any one speak so seriously about it before. What makes you think so differently from other people?"

"I have good reason, my boy, but the story is too sad a one to

tell you—and yes, perhaps it might be a warning to you."

"Oh! is it a story, papa, and about yourself? Do please tell me it."

"Well, I think I will, Harry, but let us wait until the evening, so that the others may hear it too. You know the 'Children's Hour' is the orthodox time for story-telling."

CHAPTER II.

Joe Warden, the Ruthven coachman, was quitting the service of his kind master, the Laird of Ruthven, at what we call in me to the spot in Ruthven Den



Scotland the Whitsunday term, so it was not very late in the evening when the children assembled, "tween the gloamin' an' the mirk," to hear papa's promised story. There had been a refreshing shower of rain during the afternoon, and every object in nature seemed purer and sweeter from its gentle influence. The early rosebuds at the windows, which had hitherto kept their delicate petals safely inclosed within their green protections, now allowed them to show their coy beauty to the eye of Eve. So, while song-birds warbled their evening hymn joyously in the "clear shining after rain," Mr. Ruthven began:—"In my younger days, children, there used to be far more drinking to excess in the middle and upper classes than there is now. I remember well, when I used to spend my holidays here, in my uncle's time, how he and his guests used to pride themselves on the quantity of wine they could drink without being visibly

where the wild strawberries ripen best to this day; and showed me how to use the fishing-rod as cunningly as you, son Harry. But as I grew older the more childish of these sports were gradually relinquished, and manlier ones took their place; yet still, as in former years, it was David Henderson who taught me to hunt, skate, curl, &c., &c. This humble friend of mine lived in the pretty lodge at the west gate, which is standing empty just now. His young wife acted as portress, whilst he was busy in my uncle's old-fashioned gardens."

"O, papa, how nice it would be if your David Henderson were there still! Why did he ever go away?" cried the children, who were just as fond of rural pastimes as their father had been in his younger days. "He might have been there still," answered Mr. Ruthven, sighing, "had it not been for an imprudent act of mine,—but to continue my story—

"One Christmas my uncle had a great many guests in Ruthven Hall, and a few young people had been invited for my sake. It had been a green Christmas, to our great disappointment, and though we tried our best to amuse ourselves with long walks and indoor games, still the time passed slowly, and many were our longings for two or three days of hard frost. At last, one morning, just as we were giving up hope, Henderson came up to the hall to say that the ice was bearing. A skating party was quickly formed, and off we set, followed by many warnings, sage advice, and good wishes from my uncle and his companions, who promised to come down in the afternoon to see the fun. We were, of course, all excitement, and the skating was splendid until noon, when Henderson, who was still near us, said he thought it would be prudent to keep away from the southern extremity of the lake. At first we did so, but somehow, after a time, one or two of us found ourselves on the forbidden ground. Suddenly, I fancied I felt the ice giving way under my feet, and remembering David's warning tried to hasten off the spot as quickly as possible, but it was already too late; there was a loud crash, and I sank helpless, down, down, until I felt the rush of the ice-cold water over my head. I cannot tell you, dear children, how long I remained in this sorry plight before help came; but my uncle, who had just come up, told me afterwards that David Henderson saw my danger before I sank, and with as much haste as the precarious state of the ice would admit of, approached the dangerous spot, and was enabled, though not without risking his own safety, to snatch me from what, but for his promptness, might have proved a watery grave. It all seemed like a dreadful dream when I returned to consciousness, and found myself lying on a couch, in front of a blazing fire in the housekeeper's room. She, kind woman, would have made an invalid of me for the rest of the day, but I rebelled and insisted on joining my friends at the dinner-table."

CHAPTER III.

"In the evening my uncle sent for Henderson, in order, as he said, that he might personally thank the preserver of his heir. Willingly," said Mr. Ruthven, after a short pause, "would I blot out from my memory what followed. When Henderson en-

tered, my uncle, in his bluff, hearty way, rose, and shaking his hand warmly said, 'Come, David, my friends and I wish to drink the health of a man to whom I and my nephew, at least, must ever be deeply indebted.' Uncle Ruthven suited the action to the word, and then filling the massive old goblet beside him (an heirloom in our family), handed it to Henderson, thinking that he would doubtless be glad of the opportunity of returning the toast. Imagine, then, his surprise when David replaced the goblet on the table untouched, saying, modestly but firmly, that he had not tasted spirits since his marriage, and would rather be excused from doing so now.

"What nonsense!" cried my uncle, who seemed very much displeased at his gardener's refusal; 'here, Henry, my boy,' turning to me 'see if you cannot persuade your constant companion and rural hero to drink a single glass to the health of one whose life he has so lately saved. If his attachment to you is real, and not *politic*, he cannot but grant you this *favor*.' Now I had my own reasons for wishing to preserve peace between my uncle and David, and besides, I was foolish and vain enough to wish to show my uncle's guest what an attached follower I had in David Henderson; so, in spite of the pleading look in his honest brown eyes, I held up the fatal goblet to him, saying, 'One glass on such an occasion surely cannot hurt you, David; do not let such a trifle come between us to cool our friendship or I shall really think that, after all, you do not care much for the life you so gallantly risked your own to save to-day.' 'Will you answer for the consequences?' was David's only reply, as he took the goblet into his trembling hands. 'To be sure, David; I'll settle matters with the little wife down at the lodge.'

"Such a solemn question, and so lightly answered!"

Henderson returned the old goblet to the table with a new light in his eyes. 'Just another, to show that there's no ill feeling between us, master,' he said, with a strange, nervous laugh. 'Ah! I thought your scruples would soon give way,' said my uncle, filling a smaller glass for him. How often this was repeated I cannot tell, for at last I could no longer bear to see David's flushed face and excited eye; so, stung with remorse, I left the room and went to order a basket of good things to be sent

down to his wife and little ones at the lodge. How my guilty heart leaped when in passing the door of the housekeeper's little parlor I saw Mrs. Henderson sitting there by the fire. I would gladly have escaped, but she saw me before I turned away, and coming forward, asked me if I knew where her husband was."

"In the dining-room with my uncle," I said falteringly. I suppose she must have seen the grief in my face, for she grew suddenly white and leaned against the wall for support.



'Oh, Mr. Henry,' she cried, 'you don't mean to say that they have been tempting him to taste spirits. Tell me anything but that. He is so excitable, that the smallest quantity is quite enough to make him lose his self-command. I never saw David so bad as he was on our wedding-day, and he promised me then that he would never be the same again. He has kept that promise faithfully for five years; surely, Mr. Henry, the laird has not persuaded him to break it now?' The wife's anxious question, accompanied by the mute entreaty of her eye, pierced my very heart. Never till that moment did I realize what it was to have such a sin brought home to one. Turning my guilty face away I cried out in an agony of self-reproach, 'He has indeed broken his promise, Mrs. Henderson, but it was not the laird who tempted him; it was I, his friend.' I fled upstairs to my room before the poor woman could speak again; but I think the memory of her

white, woe-stricken face will never, never leave me. I have no idea how that miserable day ended, for I fell ill. Never a strong lad, the accident of the morning, with the after-excitement of the day, proved too much for me, and I succumbed to a low fever, which confined me to my quiet room for a fortnight. During the first week, I believe, Henderson was scarcely ever seen sober. The old craving, once yielded to, seemed to be irresistible. So my inconsistent uncle dismissed him summarily, as I heard afterwards. Since then,

Little Hans was one day, with his mother and some other poor neighbors, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away. But Hans' clumsy wooden shoes came off; the stubble, or short stumps of the grain-stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others, and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case now suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped, and turned, and looking into the man's face said: "How dare you strike me when God sees you?"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth, of which little Hans reminded him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children as well as grown people might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! When you rise in the morning; through all the hours of the day; when you go to bed at night; in the darkness when you are fast asleep; when you are faithful in duty; when you are careless; when you are kind and loving, and when you are unkind and selfish and sinful—always, everywhere, *God sees you*. When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, cheat, or steal, to speak a profane or naughty word—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing, when God can see me?"—*Mother's Magazine*.

—A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbor. A very little girl came out with a small fire shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. We said to the child:—

"Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?" (Child, quite confused with the question), "Yes, sir, if I work long enough."

—Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"GOD SEES YOU."

Many children have read the sweet tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasing story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life:—



The Family Circle.

SLANDER

Among the loathsome vices of the age,
The most revolting to the saint and sage
Is that of slandering an honest name,
And nothing virtue of her spotless fame.

The slanderers and scandal mongers are
More to be dreaded than the scourge of war,
Their poison'd tongues, like to the serpent's
fangs,

Fill many a breast with sad and bitter pangs.

And yet these vile calumniators try
Their guilt to hide, their deeds to justify
They feign a grief, would rather not reveal
This awful secret which they can't conceal.

"Did you hear what happen'd poor Miss S—?"

"I never did to think of her mamma's distress."

"And," said, there is now a bitter strife

Between young B and his light-headed

wife.

"And Mr. D, I'm told, can't pay his way."

"And Mrs. L and daughter dress too gay."

"You know the F's have always been too

vain,

"And Mr. G was jilted by Miss Jane."

"All this and more, I heard from dear

Miss P."

"But don't be telling what you hear from

me,

"For I was promis'd but you must excuse

"My breach of faith to let you have the

news."

And then in whispers from their fetid hearts

The scandal flies like Satan's fiery dart—

And calumny, that foul and deadly blight

Has marr'd and stain'd the robe of purity.

—*Lucy S. Moore.*

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES

(From the Sunday Magazine.)

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

So they set off cheerfully from the office-stall, and walked away down the street, with pretty brisk steps at first, but before they had walked for a couple of minutes poor Tabby was panting again.

"It's just something catches me here. It's such a rum sort o' feeling," said Tabby, forced once more to stand still. "I feel so horrid sick too," she said after a few moments' silence.

There was nothing for it but to sit down again, and they sat down, this time both of them together, and stayed so, side by side, for a long time. It was early in the morning still, and not very many people were about. They sat without doing anything for perhaps an hour, only talking a little now and then, and by the hour-end Janet had begun to clasp her cold little hands about her neck, and to beat upon the pavement with her feet to try and keep them warm. It was a damp and chill December day, not the kind of day that anybody would choose willingly for sitting upon doorsteps.

"I wonder if you could get on a little bit now," she said at last. "Do you think you could get as far as the carpenter's yard? It would be so nice and warm there."

"Oh yes, I can get on," answered Tabby, bluntly, and she rose up, and they went to the yard, but when they got there her little limbs were trembling under her, and her face was white to her lips.

They sat down together on one of the heaps of wood, and Janet stayed for a little while, and then went away by herself and begged, and towards the middle of the day she returned with a half-anxious, half-hopeful face. She had brought a little loaf with her, and some pieces of cold fried fish.

"Look Tabby," she said. "I got this from the shop in Allson street, you know, where there's the nice woman. I went in to buy the bread, and then what do you think I did?—I asked her if she would give me something for a little girl that was ill, and she gave me all this lovely fish. Just think!" cried Janet, quite flushed with pride at the brilliancy of her success.

"Well, it looks good," said Tabby, regarding the piece of fish with a critical eye.

"I ain't hungry, but it looks good, and it smells good too—No, I don't want no bread," she said, pushing back the piece that Janet offered her. "I only wants a bit o' fish. What a pity I ain't hungry! Wouldn't it be a prime dinner if I was?"

She took up a piece of fish and began to eat it. She ate two or three mouthfuls slowly, and then put it down.

"I don't want no more," she said abruptly. "Oh, Tabby," cried Janet anxiously, "don't you like it?"

"Oh, yes, I likes it," said Tabby. "It's beautiful fish. Only I ain't hungry."

"Do you—do you feel your chest so?"

had asked Janet with a wistful face.

"No, it ain't particular bad," answered Tabby in an indifferent way. "It ain't no better, and it ain't no worse. Oh, it don't signify—I'm all right enough," she said almost irritably.

And then Janet finished her dinner in silence, and put the fish that Tabby had not eaten into her pocket.

"I'll keep till supper time, I daresay you'll like it for supper," she said.

"Oh, yes, I daresay I'll like it for supper,"

Tabby answered wearily.

She had leant her head back against some

morrow. Janet asked eagerly, with her own face white, too, with fear.

"Oh, yes, I daresay I'll be better to-morrow," Tabby answered in a careless tone. "There ain't much wrong with me. You should see what some people's like after they've been—chole into. But I suppose I'd best go to bed, any way. No, I can't eat no supper," she said, with something almost like a shudder, as Janet produced the remnants of food that she had saved from their other meal.

So she went to bed, but when she had got there she could not sleep. Through the long night she only dozed a little at times. Her breathing was so difficult that she could not lie down, and she got fevered and restless as the weary hours went on. Late in the evening her mother came home, more sober than she often was, and stared as she saw the child sitting up with her heated cheeks.

"Why, what have you been a doing with yourself?" she exclaimed, standing still as she looked at her, with the candle she had lighted in her hand.

"I ain't been a doing nothing," replied

Tabby shortly.

"Then why don't you lie down and go to

sleep?" asked her mother.

"Cause I can't," said Tabby. "I can't

may, I'm sure have bruised you a bit. Let's see."

She uncovered the child's chest, and stood for a few moments looking at the dark marks upon it. Her tone had got a little subdued when she spoke again.

"It ain't nothing but a bruise. You'll be right enough in a day or two. Them bruises is sore sometimes, but they ain't nothing to signify. I've had 'em worse than that many a time. Just go to to sleep now, and think no more about 'em."

"I'd like a drop o' water," said Tabby.

So her mother gave her some water, and then put the candle out and got into bed, and the long weary hours went on in silence while the child tried in vain to rest.

There was no going out next morning for Tabby, when morning came she was too ill even to attempt to rise. Janet got up, and looked at her with a frightened face.

"I don't know what's a going to come to me," said Tabby, speaking still with that same painful catch in her voice. "I feel so queer all over. Shouldn't wonder I was a going to die."

"Oh, Tabby," cried Janet, with a great gasp of terror.

"Well, that's what I've been a thinking, 'cause I can't breathe, you know, and when you can't breathe you has to die. It'd be rum—wouldn't it? But I don't know as I should mind," said Tabby carelessly. "I'd most as soon die, I think, as live to grow up and be like mother."

With her heart sinking within her Janet put on her clothes. When Tabby's mother got up she ventured to ask her if they ought not to get a doctor, but the woman put her down angrily. Naturally she was afraid to send for a doctor, because if she had sent for one she knew that she should have to tell him how she had thrown the candlestick at the child.

"She don't want no doctor. She's just a bit feverish. Let her stop in bed, and she'll come right enough," she said.

So Tabby stopped in bed, and Janet went out alone to her usual wandering in the streets.

It seemed such a long, lonely, weary day to her. It was half ended before anybody gave her so much as a halfpenny; she was faint with hunger before she was able to buy her first morsel of bread. She did not dare to return home till she had got a little money to take back with her, and it was evening and quite dark before she got any money except the penny or two that she was obliged to spend in food. But at last she had three-pence in her pocket, and with that she went back to the house.

The room was all dark as she eagerly opened the door and went in.

"Tabby!" she called quickly as she stood on the threshold, and then Tabby's voice answered her.

"Oh, do come along and make a light; I've been a looking for you such a time," she said.

Janet struck a match, and lighted a candle. Tabby was still sitting up in bed, as when she had left her, but the feverish color had left her cheeks now, and the thin little face was all white and drawn.

"Mother stopped in all morning," she said to Janet, "but I ain't seen nobody this long while now. I thought you'd ha' been in before it was dark."

"I tried so to come sooner," said Janet, earnestly, "but I couldn't get anything. I've only got three-pence now; but I couldn't stop any longer. I wanted so to get back. Tabby, do you think—do you think you're any better?" said the child with her wistful eyes.

"No," said Tabby shortly. "I ain't no better. I feels dreadful. I've been a dreaming and a talking nonsense, mother says,—a going on like anything. I don't know nothing about it. Mother clapped a blister on my back, but la, what's the use o' blisters?" said Tabby contemptuously. "Blisters won't mend you when you're all wrong inside."

She was restlessly shifting her position in bed as she spoke; at every two or three words she caught her breath; the exertion of speaking brought the hot color back into her face.

The fire had gone out, but Janet lighted it again. There was a saucepan with some broth in it standing on the hob.

"Mother made that for me," said Tabby. "Only think! You may drink it up if you like, and I'll say I took it."

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," said Janet quickly.

"What's to hinder you?" asked Tabby. "Nobody 'ud know if you didn't tell. Just you take it, and don't mind nothing."

But Janet would not take it.

"It'll keep till to-morrow. Perhaps you'll be better to-morrow. I've got a bit of bread for supper here," Janet said.

"I wish I could eat a bit o' bread again. But I don't think I shall eat no more supper," said Tabby quietly.

There was something in the patience with which Tabby bore her suffering that made one think of a dumb animal. Not only now



piled up planks of wood she seemed so tired that Janet said something to her presently about going to sleep.

"I've been a trying that dodge already," answered Tabby. "but somehow I gets caught up. Seems as if the bellows wouldn't go right."

"What bellows?" asked Janet, opening her eyes.

"Oh, them bellows inside you. That's what stops me. I can't lie down, and I can't sit up—not to feel comfortable, you know."

"Tabby, I think if you would go home and go to bed."

"Oh, I'll go home soon enough. Don't bother," said Tabby.

They stayed in the yard till it was growing dusk, and then they walked slowly back along the streets by which they had come. As they went Tabby tried more than once to talk in her usual bold, reckless way. You see, one of the few heroic things in this poor little desolate creature was her contempt for pain, and her bravery when she had to bear it. She could not endure to break down now, as a child more tenderly brought up might have done, nor to allow herself to be conquered by it. By a kind of natural, half-savage instinct she fought against it, and hardly now or afterwards would let it wring a cry from her.

She could scarcely, panting at every step, when they got back to the house, climb up the long staircase that led to their attic. She sat down when at last they had reached the room, with her lips quivering.

"Well, I guess I'm beat for to-night," she said.

"Perhaps you'll be better when you've had a sleep. Don't you think you'll be better to-

lie down. There's something broke."

"Something broke in the bedstead," said her mother anxiously.

The child gave a curious laugh as the woman asked her this.

"No, it ain't in the bedstead, it's in me," she said.

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed her mother, "you don't know what you're a saying of. Lie down, I say, at once. You'd better, or I'll make you."

And then, perhaps because she was too ill to contend, Tabby tried to lie down. But she could not do it.

"It ain't no use. What's the good o' blowing me up about it? If I can't lie down, I can't," she said pettishly, and sat up again, with her head leaning back against the wall.

"Well, I don't know what trick you're up to," said her mother. And then she began to prepare herself to go to bed, as if she was going to take no more notice of the child; but, bad as she was, she was not quite so hard and bad that she could see her ill and in pain and not try to do anything at all for her. She went up to the bedchamber after a few minutes, and stood there looking at her.

"If you've took the fever, it'll be a nice to do," she said presently.

"I ain't took no fever," replied Tabby sharply. "Fever? It ain't fever. It was that there candlestick you throwed at me."

"If you says that to any one else I'll give it you," cried her mother savagely.

"I ain't a going to say it to no one," replied Tabby sullenly.

"I don't believe the candlestick did no-thing to you. It ain't likely it should. It

but on from this time through other weary days and nights, she lay on that uneasy bed of hers, never saying one complaining word, never exacting anything from the people round her, never expecting that anything should be done for her. "I know that's something broke," she always said, but she never said it as if she thought that any effort should be made to find out what was broken. The thing was done, and, being done, it never occurred to Tabby's simple, untaught, unreasoning mind that she could do anything else than bear it, just as any other hurt, helpless wild animal might. "They don't have doctors for the likes o' me," she said to Janet once. "Bless you, it wouldn't pay 'em. And the doctors—why, I've heard they kills more'n they cures," said Tabby, shrewdly, thinking perhaps that on the whole she was well quit of them.

(To be Continued.)

"STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS"

Whether pilgrims are you going
Going each with staff in hand

What is the answer? The question supposes the persons addressed to be so evidently pilgrims, that the difference between them and those around attracts notice. Is it so, dear friends, as it applies to us? Does the world see such a difference in our habits, likings, &c., that it is obliged to ask, "Where are you going?" Oh! it is a blessed testimony when lookers-on see a Christian so taken up with the things of another world that they are led to enquire the reason. I am afraid many are so like the world in their ways that they are not known to be pilgrims at all, they just seem satisfied with the same home, the same conversation, the same pleasures. But when the question is asked, if you can say it from the bottom of your heart, and your life bears out what you say, and people know it to be all true, it is such a blessed thing to be able to answer:

We are going on a journey
Going at our King's command
We are going to His palace
Going to the better land

Remember, if you are a pilgrim, you will be a stranger. The Apostle puts together "strangers and pilgrims," and they cannot be separated, because every one whose name is enrolled in the heavenly city is a foreigner upon earth. People say, "why don't you do this or that?" and our answer is, "I am a stranger, it is not worth while for me to do as the people of the land." Besides, if we are in a foreign land, the language will be strange to us, and however we may be inclined to settle down, the sounds we hear will always remind us that we are not at home. If we were to go to France or Germany, we might learn to speak the language, but we would know very well it was not our own.

Now God's pilgrims feel like this when they go into the world. There is such a difference in the conversation that they cannot feel at home, for though they understand the words, they cannot understand the things, and they say, "How I wish I could get among my own people!" just as an Englishman would long to get back to England.

I want you to understand that if you are pilgrims, you will be as foreigners here. You will have many blessings by the way that the inhabitants of the land do not get, and they will have many things that you are not able to seek after. They will get some kind of amusements they think very gay and merry; and money, perhaps, in a way you could not; and in earthly gains they may seem to prosper more than you, but you will have, as they cannot, a peace, a calmness, a satisfying joy, that will enable you to take any present loss very easily, and to give up things that you would otherwise like to have, just because you feel there will be plenty of time for the enjoyment of them when you get home, and that it is not worth troubling about them by the way.

"I'm a stranger."—Dear friends, do not try to cast off that thought. Some of God's own people, very, very anxious to be useful to souls, for it is one of the first wishes of a converted heart to be a blessing to this poor world, mistake the way. You will never do them any good if they see you sitting down as though this were your rest, and grasping with the same eagerness as they do its pleasures and its gains. I have seen Christians lose the power of doing good, or of witnessing for God, because they were not bearing the stamp of "strangers and pilgrims." People turn around and say, "These people care as much for money as they ever did," or, "They are just as selfish and unwilling to lend a hand to a neighbor. Look," they say, "how they run after pleasure; how they spend their time in this or that, though they talk about the joy they have. Why, they are not a bit more satisfied than we are!"

I say again, dear friends, if you want to be of any use in winning the souls of others, confess yourselves "strangers and pilgrims," and while ready to do a kind act for anyone, show that you care nothing for the straws the world

is running after. It is a great thing to let the world see we have got a satisfying portion. This seems to settle so many doubtful things. You say, perhaps, Why may I not go to this amusement to this show &c., &c. I think of many things which we cannot exactly call sin. We have to say, "They are what the world runs after, and we have something better." If really a stranger and pilgrim, you must not look for pleasure and society where you will hear your Master's name blasphemed, and see many things that are grievous to Him. Every day you should feel this more and more, and depend upon it, "acting in your character of 'stranger and pilgrim,' the world will not want you. People will soon find out that you do not like their trifling conversation, and cannot join in their sinful jokes—and the sooner they find this out the better, for you will then be in your true character, and only in this character will you be able to help them.—*Woman's Work.*

COMING TO CHRIST

At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought—he will do it, he will have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little fellow shook his head. "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said, "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. The hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hardest point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired, and they thought, surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him,—that was Friday morning,—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it, they could not eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought his father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't," and that was all they could get out of him. The father could not eat any dinner, it was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his will being broken, it looked very much like as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy,—"me." And the little fellow said "me," and he sprang to his feet, and said "I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came he said, "I've said it, I've said it." Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say, "I will arise and go to my God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable one to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And now, this night believe and thou shalt be saved.—*D. L. Moody.*

SET TIME FOR DEVOTION.

When Daniel was watched by his adversaries, it was discovered that he was in the habit three times a day of praying to God. Now, of course, I do not mean to affirm that the rule which he had laid down for himself is a law for every one, so far, at least, as the number of times is concerned. Some may require more in order to keep up their spiritual strength, and for others, fewer may suffice; but it is essential to the preservation of high toned religious health, that we should all have some stated seasons consecrated to devotion

The importance of such a rule is all the greater in the present day, because, as regards this subject, we are passing through a period of reaction, which is not without its dangers.

Our fathers were very exact in their attention to the duties of the closet, but they somewhat lost sight of the importance of religion in common life. They drew very definitely the line between the sacred and the secular, so-called, but they seem to have, to some extent, overlooked the fact that there is a worship of God as real, and as acceptable, in the performance of ordinary business, and in the discharge of daily domestic duties, out of view to Him as there is in the devotion of the closet, or the fellowship of the Lord's Supper. They went, perhaps, to one extreme, but we are now in danger of running into its opposite.

Our popular religious authors are continually telling us that we may serve God anywhere—that there is worship in working for Him, and that we ought to make our entire lives so many hymns of praise or offerings of prayer. Now there is truth in all this—truth too, most wholesome and important,—yet we must not allow it to overlay this other truth, that we can continuously maintain that high spirituality of daily life only by observing stated seasons of communion with God. The apostolic precept "Pray without ceasing," must not be so expounded as to explain away the injunction of the Master, "Enter into thy closet and shut thy door." The duty of serving God at all times, and on all days, must not be so enforced as to rule out of every day the "still hour" of the closet, or to shut out of every week the special and peculiar blessing of the Sabbath. Yet it is undeniable that this is the tendency of much that is said and written on this subject at present. It is affirmed that it is not so important to go regularly into the closet, as it is to have the whole life prayerful, and that it is not of so much consequence to give an exalted character to the Sabbath as it is to make every day a Sabbath.

But a business man like Daniel, bringing his common sense to bear upon this matter, brushes away all these specious and fine-spun utterances, as easily as one sweeps from his path the gossamer of the morning. He sees at once that such a course, instead of bringing the whole day up to the level of the closet, or the entire week up to the level of the Sabbath, will inevitably sink them both into the depths of earthiness and sin.

He knows that periodicity is, in some inextinguishable way, the law of his being, and that if he set that at defiance, disaster must ensue. The tear and wear of the day must be repaired by the sleep of the night, and the exhaustion of labor necessitates the regular observance of set times for the taking of food. Now it is quite similar in spiritual matters.

The maintenance of vigorous religious life demands the stated enjoyment of the privileges of the closet.

We should ruin our physical constitutions if we were to give up our regular meals, and think to preserve our health by carrying in our pockets a supply of food, from which we should keep helping ourselves continuously throughout the day. So we shall destroy our piety, if, ignoring the closet, we seek to substitute for it the mere extempore ejaculations of prayer, which are pressed out of us by the emergencies of business as they arise.—*W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

"I'LL PAY YOU FOR THAT."

A hen trod on a duck's foot. She did not mean to do it, and it did not hurt her much. But the duck said:

"I'll pay you for that!"

So the duck flew at the hen, but as she did so her wing struck an old goose who stood close by.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the goose, and she flew at the duck; but as she did so her foot tore the fur of a cat who was just then in the yard.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the cat, and she flew at the goose; but as she did so her tail brushed the eye of a sheep who was near.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried the sheep, and he ran at the cat; but as he did so his foot bit the foot of a dog who lay in the sun.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he, and he ran at the sheep, but as he did so his leg struck an old cow who stood by the gate.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried she as she ran at the dog; but as she did so her horn grazed the skin of a horse who stood by a tree.

"I'll pay you for that!" cried he and he ran at the cow.

What a run there was! The horse flew at the cow; and the cow at a dog; and the dog at the sheep, and the sheep at the cat, and the cat at the goose, and the goose at the duck, and the duck at the hen. What a noise they made to be sure!

"Hi, hi! What is all this?" cried the man who had the care of them. "I cannot have this noise. You may stay here," he said to the hen. But he drove the duck to the pond, and the goose to the field, and the cat to the

burn, and the sheep to her fold, and the dog to his house, and the cow to her yard, and the horse to his stall.

"I'll pay you for that!" said the man—*Narrator.*

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND THEE"

Cut it off! Why? It is a good hand. It might even prove to be a very useful hand. Why not keep it, restrain it, regulate it, use it in moderation?

Because "it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

That is Christ's doctrine about anything that tempts to sin. It may be as harmless as a hand, as useful as a hand, cut it off if it is a perpetual temptation. It may be as harmless as an eye, as useful as an eye, pluck it out rather than let it lure you to hell.

This glass of wine—what harm in it? Is it not one of God's good gifts? Is it not a "fruit of the vine"? Is it not that which "cheereth God and man"? Shall I cut it off? Ay! cut it off, though it were as bright as the eye and as useful as the hand, if it tempts thee to evil.

But it does not tempt me; I am strong. The withes that bind other men have no power over me. I can sleep in Delilah's lap and wake and laugh defiance at the Philistines. It only tempts my brother, my child, my friend; or the poor, weak-willed creature that cites my moderation as an excuse for his self-indulgence.

"It were better for one that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

Till the wine-cup neither tempts you nor your weaker brother to sin, it is surely Christian to cut it off. Is it not?—*Christian Weekly.*

SELECTIONS.

—Friends will not believe you love them if you constantly remind them of their little faults. Parents, above all others, have the privilege with their children; but they, too, should use it so as "not to provoke them to wrath."

—A moment's work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So, work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impressions on the youthful mind.

PRIDE.—Dr. Franklin says, Pride is as cruel as a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

THE SMYRNA WHIP.—Very many years ago when I was serving in one of H. M. ships at Smyrna, I remember my gratification at seeing the gentle method there adopted by the residents for urging on their donkeys—much employed by them in going between their country residences and their various offices and "establishments" in that important mercantile town. Nor stick, nor whip, nor goad, nor spur was ever thought of, but simply a small light iron rod about fifteen inches long, having an "eye" or loop at one end, and three or four small rings of the same metal attached thereto. These, shaken close to the animal's ear, made him again shake his aural appendages and go ahead forthwith. Let any of your readers try the experiment with a bunch of keys at the end of a small stick, and they will feel inclined, with me, to urge the general adoption of the "Smyrna whip" throughout the length and breadth of the land.—I am, sir, yours, &c. ASHLEY LA TORCHIE (Commander R. N.)—*Animal World.*

A FAMILY JOURNAL.—In a certain farmhouse twenty years ago a great blank book was kept, and labelled Home Journal. Every night some one made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cut of the baby's cyetooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night, or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta club, or Tom scrawled "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat." On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that. But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They come back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. It is their childhood come back again in visible shape.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

